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"Loose your hold of him," cried several all at once. Black Norris paid no heed to them. Three or four of the strongest and boldest rushed together upon him at once; overpowered him and rescued his almost suffocated victim. The wrecker drew his knife and brandished it. They rushed upon him again before he had time to make a stroke with it, and wrenched it from him. His wife, who, it appeared, had retired into the inner apartment during the interval of her husband's absence, now burst from it, sank on her knees before him, and, clasping him round the legs with one arm, while with the other she supported her infant, implored him to be calm. A blow levelled the child and mother to the earth. With horror of the savage act, the spectators stood awhile, as if bereft of the power of speech or motion. For a second or two the wrecker glared around him like a fiend, then suddenly vanished into the inner room. He searched here and there, blaspheming all the time, cursing this thing and that thing, as anything came to his hand except what he wanted. At length, however, he succeeded in finding his pistols. Then a pouch filled with slugs; and, last of all, a powder-horn presented themselves. Hastily he loaded and primed the weapons, and proceeding to the door with one in each hand, advanced a pace into the outer apartment.

"Now," roared the wrecker—"now, who is the man to come on?" No one stirred. "I give you just as much time," continued he, "as it will take you to clear the house. When that is expired, I fire at the man that remains."

A wild, shrill, piercing laugh was the answer to his menace. It came from the head of the corpse. The maniac was standing there. The wrecker's axe was in her hand—the blunt end resting on the mark in the dead man's forehead.

"Ha, ha!" she cried exultingly, "there is your father, Black Norris, a corpse upon the plank of wood, to get possession of which, you murdered my father; and here is your axe upon the mark which you made in your father's forehead when I told you, as you were rifling him on the beach, that his eyes were moving, and you coaxed me to leave you alone with him. See how nicely it fits. But I knew you, and stole back. I did, Black Norris. And I saw the blow, and heard the crash, and snatched up your hatchet when you threw it behind you; and ran away with it. Give you joy of your diamonds and your gold, Black Norris. A fair day, is it not? A fair, lovely day—a fair, lovely, bonny day."

The wrecker had been gradually raising his right arm. It was now nearly brought to a level. He fired—but the charge perforated the roof. His arm was struck up by some one, and at the same moment he felt himself powerfully pinioned. He looked round; he found himself in the hands of four of the preventive guard, accompanied by Kate's lover, with a staff of a boarding-pike in his grasp.

That day, having completed the business which called him from home, had the young man returned. His first inquiry was for Kate. She had been at her usual pranks, and had stolen away. He sought her in all her haunts—she was no where to be found—dispirited and fatigued too, for he had walked upward of thirty miles since morning, he was repairing home, when he received from a group returning from the wreck, and of whom he made inquiries after her, an account of her appearance among the wreckers, and her wild, mysterious prophecy, which had been so strangely fulfilled. Revolving what he had heard, he lifted the latch of his mother's door and entered; but stopped short. A female, almost naked to the zone, was sitting with her back toward him; her skin of so pure a whiteness, that it fairly shone. The waist and shoulders of such a mould, as of itself apprises the beholder of the presence of surprising richness; although unrefined, uninformed, he is utterly at a loss to tell in what it lies. A moment he stood—then, abashed, confounded, he was on the point of retiring, when the female turned suddenly round.

"Kate!" burst in astonishment from the young man's lips.

The next moment the maniac, unconscious of her

situation, was hanging upon his neck. "Wikly she kissed him, straining him to her bosom, and laughing.

"He has done it—he has done it!" she almost shrieked. "He has murdered his own father. Here is the hatchet by which he beat his forehead in," added she, springing from him to the other end of the room, and snatching up the instrument and flourishing it; her sun-burnished hands and neck forming an extraordinary contrast with the snow, which had never been before revealed to the eyes of her lover, whose mother now entering from an adjoining room with some articles of apparel upon her arm, hastily retired again, drawing the poor, half-resisting girl along with her. The former presently returned.

"She has been down on the shore all day. There has been a wreck," said she. "About a quarter of an hour ago she came in, inquiring for you, that you might take Black Norris, as she said, and hang him, for he had murdered his father. She was wet to the skin with the spray and the rain, and I was making her change herself when you came in. Hist—she is here."

Kate entered. Her lover looked at her. Nothing appeared now, but the hue that was the child of the weather. The hatchet was in her hand. Exultation and impatience were painted in her looks.

"Come, come," she cried; and opening the door, at once led the way to Black Norris's. Scarcely had they got fifty yards from the house, when, at a turn in the road, they came upon four privates of the preventive service. The men were on duty. Kate instantly accosted them, related the transaction which had taken place upon the reef, and commanded them to accompany her. They looked—and obeyed. * * *

Three weeks after, there was a trial and an execution. Black Norris was the criminal. Among the spectators at the latter were a young man and a young woman. As soon as the body swung in the air, a shrill peal of laughter arose from the crowd. It was from the female, who, the next moment, lay fainting in the arms of her companion. Kate was conveyed home. She was restored to consciousness; but her mind, so highly excited before, seemed now to have sunk into a state of infantine imbecility. Thus she remained for several days, nay weeks. A gloom seemed to have overspread her lover's mind, which threatened consequences similar to those under which the being whom he so tenderly loved had laboured. He avoided society—he would hardly exchange a word, even with his mother. He was continually wandering about the cliff and the shore alone.

One day, when he had thrown himself upon the very spot, where, as we related in the beginning, he had intruded upon the slumbers of the maniac, revolving the cause which now utterly absorbed his mind and soul, and lost to external consciousness, he was startled by something falling on his face. He looked up, and saw the loved one hanging over him. The tear-drop stood trembling on his bed—the light of reason beamed from her eye. She pronounced his name, talked to him of her father's death, informed him that she believed his murderer had suffered the penalty of his crime, but knew not when, or by what means. He drew her softly toward him—encouraged her to speak on—questioned her—found that of all that had passed since her wits had gone astray, the only circumstance which had left an impression upon her memory was the fate of Black Norris. He now endeavoured to ascertain the state of her heart with respect to him. An eye, at once cast down—a burning cheek—lips that made soundless motion—confirmed the dearest hopes, and crowned the most ardent wishes of his soul. Reason was perfectly reinstated—love had never lost its seat. He urged the soft confession—and her face was buried in his bosom. In a week she was his wife and, along with his mother, accompanied him to a distant part of the country, lest old and painful recollections might be recalled by the presence of familiar scenes.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

At one of the late meetings of the British Association, Dr. Roe, of Cavan, stated, that he was called some time back to visit the daughter of a farmer residing at Drum, in the County of Cavan; the girl had been attacked

several days previously with inflammation of the thigh, and, at the time of his arrival, was labouring under severe symptomatic fever and delirium. The thigh was tense, red, and shining, enlarged to nearly twice its natural size, and extremely painful. No cause could be assigned for the disease, and he was informed, that until the occurrence of the present attack she had always enjoyed excellent health. Having ascertained the existence of a collection of matter under the fascia, he made an incision, and evacuated a bowl full of pus, mixed with what he considered to be clots of blood. His attention was not directed to the contents of the abscess at that time; besides, the room was dark, and he was anxious to give vent to the pus as quickly as possible, as the patient was extremely restless. On emptying the matter from the bowl, on a clean flag outside the door, the girl's mother was surprised to find among it a leech coiled up, quite alive and moving actively. She immediately brought the leech to Dr. Roe, and it continued to live for several days afterwards. On inquiring minutely into the history of the case, he found that, some days before she first complained of the limb, she had been gathering water-cresses in a ditch, and had felt hurt in or about the ankle of the inflamed limb, but did not pay much attention to it at the time. On examining the ankle, there was found a triangular cicatrix, such as that which might be produced by a leech bite. This fact would seem to prove

that such animals can enter, burrow in, and preserve their vitality in the soft parts of the human body.

A member asked whether Dr. Roe meant to state that the leech had entered in the manner supposed.

Dr. Roe stated that he did not know any other way in which it could enter. The animal in question was what is called the horse-leech, and which is generally found in ditches and standing pools.

THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

"Who'll buy a heart?" sweet Harriett cries—

Harriett the blooming and the fair,
Whose lovely form, and dove-like eyes,
Can banish grief and sooth despair.

"Come, bid—my heart is up for sale.
Will no one bid? Pray, sirs, consider,
'Tis kind, and sound, and fond, and hale,
And a great bargain to the bidder."

"I bid," says Gripus—"I will pay
A thousand guineas promptly told."

"That is no bid, Sir—let me say,
A faithful heart's not bought with gold."

"I bid, with marriage faith, and plight
A heart," says Frank, "with love o'erflowing."

"Ay, that's a bid—that's something right—
And now my heart is—*Going! going!*"



THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE I.

Now stands near the Mansion-house, in Dawson-street. It was originally placed on Essex-bridge, in the year 1720, but was removed in consequence of the rebuilding

of the bridge, in 1708, and was placed in the position which it at present occupies.